

crossing the road the other night, by your violent
rejection of my arm. 'No succouring'
What an old devil woman you are underneath -
all white-chisel is under your blue arlot frock -
you - is it the cunning fumbling Judian Sires; -
How did you brew this violence? In another
moment you would have felled me to the ground
with your feet. Weren't you like a woman sitting
squat on a public house step, with a little clay
pipe & a basket of matches. No that's not quite it.
* I'm writing in the dark for hurry: must stop. NYPL

Monday
your letter: Oh Tuesday & Wednesday is
Ostoline & going out - what I could be in
late on Tuesday 6.30: but is that work it.
What about a real Carbarah on
Wednesday week, eh - I promise to
keep free if I possibly can?
Let me know

June 28. 1932

52 Tavistock Square

Tuesday

Look here, it is much too hot to think of making a special journey to London tomorrow. Put it off till there is a breeze. It is silly to come panting & exhausted here - we shall transact no business & I shall feel pretty. Choose another day. I'll keep it.

I had meant, if time had been willing which it wasn't (2 Russians, Vita, & a stark hunter & a straggly woman all on top of each other & the friendly) to explain my idiotic or rather childish refrain "Do you like me better than —?" This is not to be taken seriously. This is only a relic of childish days when I used to pull Nina's arm & say "head, head, head, please say you love me best; then she'd shake her head; & then I'd go over her & shake her head; & so on. This habit comes over me still with you. Vita: & it has to be taken as a solemn demand that you should kindly search your affections far from it.

Now I must wait - change & go, & come with Katherine & Anne, whom I've not seen since Charles died, or thereabouts - How I dread the moment when the door opens & there I go in - I assure you I'm almost sick with fright at this moment - to you this would mean nothing - I mean you wouldn't feel afraid.

May 29 1932

What about dining with me on Thursday-- ^{next} 2nd I shall b alone. But cant manage Tuesady afternoon. Dinner 7. 30. Let me know; but dont bother, as I'll arrange another day if this is a difficult one.V

Oh thank you for your understanding letter--just back from Rodmell--its so spoilt, my marsh, I can hardly bear to walk ther.

forget to
not
this

I couldn't resist peeping into the letter again: how fascinating: I feel the tug of
innumerable psychological filaments, which I believe, obtain as I am, I could
July 19th onward: I knit up in a remarkable
11932 picture - but what the
use of dreaming? I've

all night, I will hint out the letters: you can tickle them any
time on Sunday morning. I let them go judiciously
though I admit I have no cause on the face of it to be
aggrieved. You've given me time enough; &
I've had enough to begin to get the feeling that I want to sink
down alone, for a month, with the letters round me
absorb them & all their circumference. What I judge is
that a month is out of the question; & it's out of the question
largely owing to my own complete incapacity to rule my own
time. Talk of den. my dear Ethel - that's a mere plea-bite:
that I can settle & dismiss in a second: it's the plague of
hell that really worries me: if you could lay that cloud of
stinging gnats, & tell me how. I should be eternally
grateful. Every day it's the same - somebody insists upon
being seen; has a claim; will be hurt if I don't. There
letters to this effect already last night & this morning. The days
loom ahead of me, each with its "seeing" its being at
home. Sitting here & talking: its arranging visits & dinner -
& the end is I can't read what I want or write: & the people I
do want to see - wonderful that the faculty should still
exist - I see only in a crush: & the room I never see at all.
But still they go on: 4 to tea today: & to sleep over; each week,
like a wheel, bring^{up} a fresh crop. There! That's my wail.
How would you deal with a lady who's called her baby Pygma after me.
I must bring it to tea: & then - no, I can't recount the lot.
Think out a method, please. And forgive the usual galvanized
egotism. V.

Monday. 12 July 1932

Oh my dear Ethel I'm not quite such a fool as you think me (this refers to your long kind entirely mistaken letter) That is if the problem were what you state-- a question of "aspirants for interviews" then I've solved it long ago. I never never never seem them. --or people who ask to come because they like my books, or schoolmasters, or bringers of Mss--or societies; that want me to speak. I merely type in two minutes--I've just done it three times-- "Mrs Woolf is sorry, but her engagements" and Miss Belsher, of the Hogarth Press signs it; and there's an end. Indeed if I saw people who want to consult me I should deserve your laughter and pity and contempt.

But it's not them-- what I find impossible to solve is the problem of personal friends, and the friends of personal friends. All these cases, for instance, are waiting for solution at the moment; R; a very old friend; ill; in a home; will I go and see him; Nellie Cecil; stone deaf; will I come over to Gale and see her (She was divine to me twenty years ago; my mother in law--at Worthing; when am I coming? Mrs Hardy, widow of Thomas, will I lunch; her husband was an old friend of my father's; Katharine Furse, will I dine any time before August 1st; to meet her dear friend, Mary Follett; Dorothy Bussy, Lyttons sister; will I see her to discuss Lyttons letters---&c &c.

All these people I like; some have been good to me

Nota 2. 4. 63

years ago when I was a gawky tongue tied imp
possible girl; how can I say to them "Owing to the
ever increasing MSS a publisher has to read...
I am forced to set apart definit afternoons..
The next-available day is..." It's impossible.
And its not ~~va~~ my vanity and weakness as you make it
out; its simply the way of human beings--look
at yourself. Ther you are saying do come and meet
Mrs "oodhouse; do lunch with Mary "udge;
do come over to Maurice at Rottingdean;
do arrange to see Ronald Storrs; And why you think
I'm foolish and ridi ulous to dine at the Ivy on
a hot night with people I've known twenty years,
and not foolish, but wise and adorable to dine with
you at Coign in order to meet Barings and Storrs
whom I've known ten minutes and dont care a straw
for--I cant imagine. However I never expected
sympathy for that unlucky faint; and shouldnt have
told you my self. But as you see the problem isnt
the problem you imagine. --thats all I want to make
clear; to you. Not to claim sympathy.
Many thanks all the same. I'll keep your form
and use it on your freind Lady Oxford whos just
rung up. But not on Nelly Cecil nor Stracheys nor
my:poor old 82 year old mother in law.
I say, what do you mean by calling the Benson Bront
first rate; fifth I should say, if that.
This reads hot. But then I am. Virginia.

Mundy

14th July 1932

Well I'm sorry if you think I wrote with undue
vehemence or unfairly. But I think I have reason
to feel exasperated--not only in my vanity--
that you, who protest you like me, should still
think, after two years, that I'm capable of wasting
time and strength on 'admirers', on what you call
'aspirants for interviews' and then complain I
don't get time for work -- I do feel nettled--
whether from vanity or not I don't know--to think
of you sitting in judgment on me and writing
to quote your own words "I do rather doubt whether
you have the department of character which is neces-
sary (to refuse aspirants to interviews.)
And the reasons are (1) you are kind and want
to gratify these people. 2) You are flattered
at their wanting so desperately to consult you.
3) There is a magpie element in you."

All this time you've been thinking I'm that sort of
person--that's how I spend my time, ^{in a rose coloured}
I'm so vain of having prestige, which, as you ^{tea room. It's funny}
remark, any fraud or fifteenth rate person may ^{auto graph.}
have, that I can't resist gratifying it; and then
complain and then faint; and then am surprised when
the austere Ethel is 'coldly angry'. As for your
discovery that ^{can} "you like going out", whereas
the unsociable Ethel prefers complete solitude,
I think I had better follow your advice "Since thy
servant may not speak and live, let it be left at

The unsociable Ethel ^{who} sees more
people stays in more
houses, & enjoys it more
than any one I know